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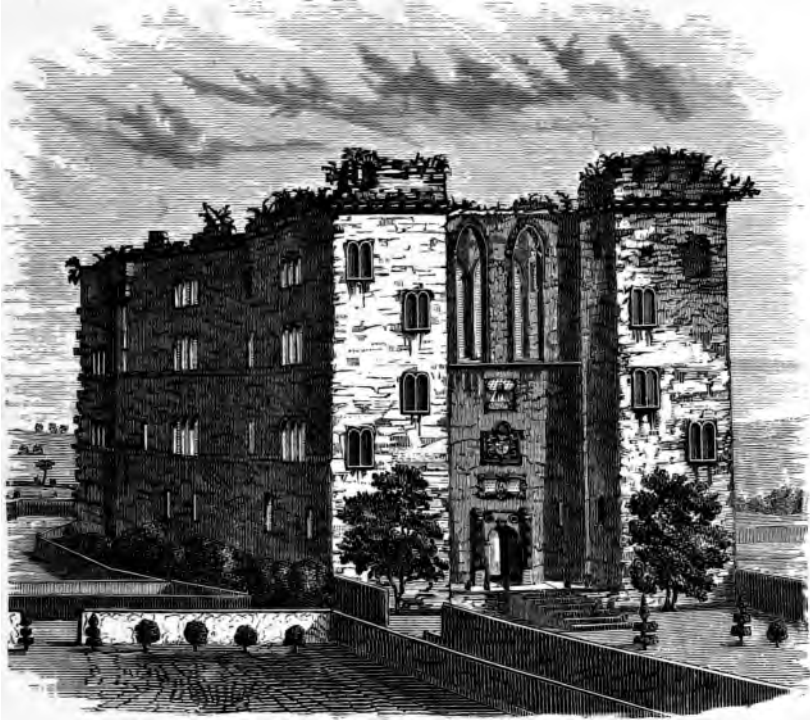
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WARDOUR CASTLE.

L A Y S
OF
THE ENGLISH CAVALIERS.

BY
JOHN J. DANIELL,
PERPETUAL CURATE OF LANGLEY FITZURSE, WILTS.



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The Parting of the Earl of Strafford and
Archbishop Laud, May 12, 1641.

SO the great heart of Strafford spoke, and when
The morn of death was come, forth to the goal
Of glory, though of death, he went—of men
Grandest and loftiest soul.

Long had he toiled and hard, and bravely won
His way through ills o'erwhelming—bold and true
No dangers quelled his soul, and duties done
Roused him to duties new.

Great in his life, great in high aims and pains ;
In counsel great, and weighty schemes of state ^a ;
Great in the judgment-hall, and great in chains—
In death most truly great.

^a Cardinal Richelieu, hearing of the death of the Earl of Strafford, exclaimed, " The English nation has been so foolish that they would not let the wisest head among them stand on its own shoulders."

This strength comes not of earth ; he hath a peace,
A sacred, deep repose, which God hath given,
The sweet assurance of his soul's release,
By Christ's dear mercies shriven.

And Strafford's dying spirit pines for Laud,
Yearns for his prayers and blessing, ere he sings
His solemn *Nunc Dimittis*, and to God
His dread surrender brings ^b.

Strafford and Laud—most loved, most honoured names—
Aye battling upwards in one glorious strife ;
Congenial souls in life's most holy aims ^c,
And one in death, as life.

^b On the night before his execution, Strafford earnestly requested the Lieutenant of the Tower to permit him to have an interview with the Archbishop, saying, "You shall hear all that passes between us: for it is no time now either for him to plot heresy, or for me to plot treason." The Lieutenant replied that the favour could only be obtained by petition to the Parliament. "No," replied the dying statesman, "I have gotten my despatch from them, and will trouble them no more ; I am now petitioning a higher court."

^c "Neither I," says Laud, "nor any other Churchman, ever rendered such services to the Church as the Earl of Strafford."

"Then go," he said, "the sacred Prelate tell
That I am on my journey to my grave ;
I ask his prayers, and as I pass his cell,
I would his blessing crave."

The dismal cavalcade of death moved on
And neared the prison-cell, where captive kept,
Like a chained eagle, aged, and weak, and wan,
Laud prayed, and pined, and wept.

He heard the knell, and stifling all he felt,
He staggered to the window, where below,
Waiting his benediction, Strafford knelt,
Mighty in mighty woe.

The patriot upward looked, and on his friend
Gazed in strong pangs of love : "My Lord," he said,
"Give me your blessing ; pray our God to send
Grace on my dying head."

The man of God upraised his streaming eyes,
Thrust thro' the bars his trembling hands, and
poured
Out of his depth of soul its anguished cries,
And blessed him in the Lord ;

Then backward sank upon the dungeon floor,
Breathless and faint in speechless agony—
And Strafford rose, the pang of parting o'er,
And went his way to die.

Solemn have been the partings, thro' all time,
Of dearest, dying friends, since death began ;
But this farewell most solemn, most sublime,
Man ever took of man ^d.

And saints have died in fire, and freely spent
Their blood to life's last drop for faith alone ;
But purer soul than Strafford's never went
Before the great white throne ^e.

^d "The next morning, as he passed by, he turned towards me, and took the solemnest leave that I think was ever, by any at distance, taken one of another."—*Laud's Autobiography*.

^e When Archbishop Usher, who attended Strafford on the scaffold, gave the King an account of the peace and majesty of his last hours, he added, that he had seen many men die, but never so white a soul return to its Maker.

The Fall of Wardour Castle, May 8, 1643.

THE Lady Blanche was Worcester's child,
Great Worcester's joy, and Raglan's pride,
And from her noble father's side
The Lord of Wardour won the maiden mild.

Brief wedded joys were theirs—the call
Of duty reached him ; and content,
Wife, children, home, he left ; and went
On Lansdown's bloody field to fight and fall.

“ Dear heart,” he said, “ I live or die
As God ordains ; but in thy hands
I leave my honour, castle, lands,
For faith, and duteous love, and loyalty.”

“ And I will keep the charge so well,”
She said, “ as I may prove to thee
Thy Lady Blanche is meet to be
The child of Worcester, wife of Arundel.”

They part—nor meet on earth agen ;
And, ere the second morning's dawn,
Close round the castle-walls were drawn
Proud Hungerford and thirteen hundred men.

Who now shall aid the Lady Blanche ?
None, but her own heart's bravery,
Some maids and ladies, children three,
And five-and-twenty soldiers, stout and staunch.

From Wednesday noon to Monday night
Against her walls and towers amain
The foemen hurled their shot like rain,
And through the breaches huge poured in their head-
long fight.

And where the strife is fiercest—where
The foe has won the furthest space,
And life and death meet face to face,
There stands the wife of Arundel, the Lady Blanche
is there.

Her lofty words, her dauntless deeds
E'en to her waiting-maids impart
The courage of her own bold heart,
And bid them bravely follow where she bravely leads.

Nor morn, nor noon, nor eve, nor night,
The fiery foemen's battle stopped ;
Till from the soldiers' fingers dropped
Their swords from very weariness to smite.

So few, so worn, their eyes grow dim ;
They scarce can move, or speak, or eat—
The Lady Blanche brings wine and meat,
And with her own fair hands binds up the bleeding limb.

Through fire and smoke the children run,
And wait her word with fearless zest,
And when awhile the soldiers rest,
The women charge and fire the murderous gun.

A mine tore up the bastion—then
A summons came from Hungerford
To yield the castle, with this word,
“We spare thee, Lady Blanche, but not thy men.”

The Lady Blanche in scorn replied,
 “ The foul condition I disdain,
 And unto death my charge maintain ;
And if I perish, perish by my soldiers' side.”

The foemen rushed to fight anew,
 With freshen'd force, and sterner aim,
 And deadlier hate—but now there came
From Wardour's walls responses faint and few.

The towers are crumbling 'neath the fire,
 And flames and smoke, in mingled wreath,
 Crown hall and chamber, and beneath
The solid rock is rent in fragments huge and dire.

The brave defenders all are dead,
 Or writhing in their wounds and gore ;
 The Lady, wan and wearied sore,
Is fainting forced away, and to her chamber led.

True faith, and noble loyalty,
 And matchless fortitude of heart,
 And duteous love have done their part ;
The Lady bows alone to stern necessity.

But those grim, shattered towers shall tell
How, in her faith and bravery,
The Lady Blanche was meet to be
The child of Worcester, wife of Arundel^a.

^a The conditions of surrender were, that the lives of all should be spared, that all the goods of the castle should be kept in safe custody, and that the Lady Blanche, with all the gentlewomen, should have all things befitting their station and quality, and secure conduct to one of the King's garrisons. The Parliamentary officers violated the terms in every article, except that of the preservation of life. Not only was the castle plundered of all its valuables, and the most costly pictures and ornaments destroyed, but the very wearing-apparel of the ladies was seized, and they sent prisoners to Shaftesbury; thence the Lady Blanche was removed to Bath, against her urgent remonstrances, because the plague was there, and the children to Dorchester. "In vain doth the mother intreat that these pretty pledges of her lord's affections be not snatched from her; in vain do the children embrace, and hang about the neck of their mother, and implore help from her, that neither knows how to help them, nor yet how to part from them; but the rebels having lost all bowels of compassion remain inexorable: the complaints of the mother, the pitiful cry of the children prevail not; like ravenous wolves they seize on their prey."—*Seward's Anecdotes*.

Susan Bolke.

ROUND the market-cross at Wareham,
As the sun goes darkly down,
Gather, sad and anxious-hearted,
All the people of the town.

Hither with a troop of horsemen
Morton comes, that rancorous heart ;
Hot in ire, and busy mischief,
Ripe to play the traitor's part.

“ Hark ye, people—heed my summons—
Haste ye, stone and timber bring ;
Build the wall, and rear the rampart—
Hold the town against the King.”

Then outspoke the Priest of Wareham,
Hoar in hairs, but bold in heart ;
“ Shame upon thee, haughty Morton ;
Cease thy treason, and depart ;

“Heed him not, ye men of Wareham ;
Fear your God ; obey your King ;
Treason is a bane and canker ;
Touch not the accursèd thing ;
Stand like men and do your duty ;
God will grace and succour bring.”

“Cease thy prating, fool and greybeard,”
Haughty Morton fiercely said ;
“Hie thee home, and preach to women”—
And in passion, crimson-red,
With the barrel of his pistol
Struck the Priest across the head.

“Shame !” exclaimed the men of Wareham ;
“Shame !” th’ indignant women cried ;
But they durst not move a finger
For the troopers at his side.

“Hear me, Morton,” cried the Pastor ;
“I am old, and little breath
Have to spare ; yet I defy thee—
Will defy thee to the death.”

Then the rebel, mad with fury,
 Fired his pistol—to the ground
Sank the Pastor, sorely wounded,
 And the troopers closed around.
“Smite him,” shouted Morton, “smite him ;
 Smite to earth the toothless hound.”

Not a sword was drawn ; the troopers
 Feared to strike that hoary head ;
Morton spurred his steed, and shouting,
 “Cowards, villains, mongrel-bred,”
Drew his sword, and standing o’er him
 Gashed his brow with gashes dread.

Susan Bolke, the Parson’s servant,
 Saw the base and bloody deed ;
Saw—was horror-struck, and rushing
 To the stable, wild with speed,
Seized a pike, the only weapon
 Ready to her urgent need.

Brandishing aloft the pitchfork,
 Like another Joan of Arc,
Through the crowd she pressed infuriate,
 Seeking Morton as her mark.

Ready way the men of Wareham
Gave the maiden, as they could ;
Till she came where Morton's troopers
Round her wounded master stood.

"Out upon thee," cried the maiden ;
"Miscreant, murderer, bloody man !"
And at once, in pious vengeance,
With the pike on Morton ran,
Driving at his back or belly,
When, or how, or where she can.

Morton stands alarmed, confounded—
Well he may, for well we know
That a woman in a fury
Is a formidable foe.

Morton's blood is freely flowing,
But 'tis vain to thrust or strike ;
Susan keeps him at a distance
With her long, two-handed pike.

Vainly too he spurs his charger,
Makes him rear, and plunge, and tack ;
Susan's pike the beast confronting
Beats both horse and rider back.

Still with vigorous blows she probes him ;
At his belly, breast, or head,
Driving hard with deadly lunges—
Till he fairly turned, and fled.

Down the market-place she chased him—
Shouts of joy and mockery loud—
“Ha, ha, Morton! Bravo, maiden!”
Bursting from the admiring crowd.

But she turned, and with her pitchfork,
Pointing where, in order good,
Still around the cross the troopers
Doubtful and astonished stood,

“On them,” cried she, “men of Wareham!”
And forthwith, mid yells and groans,
On the troopers hailed a tempest—
Clods and cudgels, tiles and stones.

Wareham soon was swept of traitors ;
Susan laid her pitchfork by ;
Nursed her master, fond and tender,
Prayed to God he might not die,
And he died not—God was gracious,
God, who hears an earnest cry.

And through Dorset rang the story,
 Long passed on from sire to son,
How that brave, true-hearted maiden
 Fought the battle, fought and won.

How when all the men of Wareham
 From the rebel shrank in dread,
Susan met him single-handed,
 Susan fought, and Morton fled ;

He, a mailed and mounted soldier,
 Armed to shoot, to stab, to strike ;
She, a simple village-maiden,
 Brandishing her two-pronged pike.

The Battle of Lansdown, near Bath,
July 5, 1643.

E stood on Lansdown's northern slope,
At the hour of evening's chime,
And we talked of the bloody deeds done there
In the dark, rebellious time.
And as we traced the battle's lines,
We saw, with fancy's sight,
The armed array, the wild affray,
The flash, the crash, the fight ;
And heard, in fancy's ear, the shouts,
The groans, the stifled breath
Of men in mortal combat met,
In agony and death ;
And we named Sir Beville Grenville's name,
And proudly spoke of him
Who led the van of strife and toil
Through all that carnage grim ;
And following fast where Honour called,
Reached Glory's early goal,
And on that hot, ensanguined plain
Poured out his noble soul.

Hard pressed by treasons dark and foul,
 King Charles had called for aid ;
And Cornwall's best and bravest hearts
 The sacred call obeyed.
To loss of land, of limb, of life,
 Right cheerfully they go—
The Bassets of Tehidy,
 And the gallant house of Stowe^a ;
Godolphin and Trelawny,
 Trevelyan and Borlase,
And all the sons of Clowance,
 And Trevanion of Carhayes ;
And Arundel, and Vyvyan,
 And every worthiest name
From Morwenstow to Sennen,
 From the Lizard to the Rame.

Penwith called up her miners ;
 In loving, loyal league

^a Stowe, in the parish of Kilkhampton, Cornwall, was for six hundred years the seat of the noble family of Grenville ; Clowance, in Crowan, is the seat of the St. Aubyns ; Morwenstow is the most northerly parish in Cornwall ; Sennen, in which is the Land's End, the most westernly ; the Rame, or Ram, is a headland opposite Plymouth.

Marched forth the lusty husbandmen
Of Roseland and Meneag^b.
From town and hamlet, hall and hut,
From mount, and moor, and coast,
And all the vales of Foy and Fal
Gathered a noble host ;
And o'er Hamoaze to Caradon,
And Rowtor's craggy pile,
And westward to St. Michael's Mount,
And far St. Mary's Isle,
One shout arose, one long, deep note,
Whose echoed answers ring
Through length and depth, and breadth and height,
" Up, Cornwall, for the King."

On Braddock Downs^c, on Stratton Hill^d,
They cowed the rebel crest,
And reared the Royal standard high,
Triumphant o'er the west ;

^b Penwith, Roseland, and Meneag, are three peninsulas of Cornwall ; Foy and Fal, rivers ; Caradon and Rowtor, hills ; Hamoaze, the broad sheet of water west of Devonport ; St. Mary's, the largest of the Scilly Isles.

^c "Ruthen drew out his forces, and choosing his ground upon the east side of Braddock Down, near Liskeard, stood, *in battalia*, to expect the

And Devon roused her sons to arms,
As their banners eastward went,
And Somerset from flail and plough
Her stoutest yeomen sent.

enemy. Sir Ralph Hopton, having likewise put his men in order, caused public prayers to be said in the head of every squadron, and having winged his foot with his horse, advanced within musket-shot of the enemy, who stood without any motion. Then he caused two small iron minion drakes (all the artillery they had) to be drawn up, and after two shots of those drakes, advanced with his body upon them, and with very easy contention, beat them off their ground. And the Cornish so briskly bestirred themselves, and pressed them so hard on every side, being indeed excellent at hedgework, and that kind of fight, that they quickly put their whole army to rout, and had the full execution of them as far as they would pursue. But after that advantage, they were always more sparing than is usually known in civil wars, shedding very little blood after resistance was given over, and having a very noble and Christian sense of the lives of their brethren; insomuch as the common men, when they have been pressed by some fiercer officer to follow the execution, have answered, that they could not find in their hearts to hurt men who had nothing in their hands. They gave solemn thanks to God for this great victory.”—*Clarendon*.

^d “On Tuesday morning, the sixteenth of May, about five of the clock, they disposed themselves to their work, having stood in their arms all night, and for three or four days before having suffered great want of food as well as sleep, and being equally tired with duty and hunger. The King’s forces pressed, with their utmost vigour, four ways up the hill, and the enemy as obstinately defended the ground; but the officers’ courage and resolution were so well seconded by the soldiers, that the

False Taunton yielded ; Luttrell's fear
Gave up strong Dunster tower ;
Carnarvon's Earl on Mendip height
Crushed Popham's serried power ;
And Waller's stern battalions
Fell back in sullen dread,
Still broken by the Cornish sword,
Yet fighting as they fled,
Till over Lansdown rallying,
They fiercely turned at bay,
And dared the Cavalier come forth
To dire and deadly fray.

Cornish began to get ground in all places. Major-General Chudleigh failed in no part of a soldier, and when he saw his men recoil from less numbers, he advanced with a good stand of pikes upon Sir John Berkeley and Sir Beville Grenville, and put them into disorder, Sir Beville in the shock being borne to the ground ; but being quickly relieved by his companions, they so reinforced the charge, that they took the General prisoner, and dispersed the rest. Then the enemy gave ground apace, insomuch as the four parties, growing nearer and nearer as they ascended the hill, between three and four of the clock, they all met together near the top of the hill, where they embraced with unspeakable joy, each congratulating the other's success, and all acknowledging the wonderful blessing of God. The conquerors, as soon as they had gained the camp and dispersed the enemy, made public prayers upon the place, and a solemn thanksgiving to Almighty God for their deliverance and victory."—*Clarendon*.

But the wakeful foe had laboured hard
Through all the sultry night,
And his lines appeared, as morning dawned,
Upthrown along the height ;
And the gunner stood by the culverin,
And the pikeman with his spear,
And the mailed dragoon, and the halbertman,
And the crouching musqueteer.

And dark Will Waller rode in haste
From thickening file to file,
His dull eye lowering, and his heart
All swoln with hate and bile,
And he bade his men strike home amain
For the solemn League and Vow,
And the name of traitor, legibly,
Was branded on his brow.

Forth at the word his squadrons burst,
Close-crowding rank on rank,
And down the ridge infuriate dashed,
And broke Carnarvon's flank.

The column wavered—bent—recoiled—
Till Slanning rushed to aid,
And the foemen on their lines fell back
Disordered and dismayed.
Again to the fight they madly rushed—
All mangled, hacked, and riven
Again they fled—men, horses, arms,
In crushed confusion driven ;
And brothers' blood, by brothers shed,
Flowed forth in mingled tide,
And brave men fell, like leaves in frost,
And gasped, and groaned, and died.

But on the left the battle's storm
Thickened in deadlier might,
While still the Grenville's arm prevailed
In hard, unequal fight ;
And still the Royal banner towered,
And still the rebel fled,
For there the Cornish pikemen fought,
And brave Sir Beville led.

Dark Waller saw th' advancing crest,
And knew the desperate need,

And headlong into thickest fight
Plunged his impetuous steed ;
Forth thro' the host, from line to line,
The rapid signal ran ;
And horse and foot in denser mass
Down-thundered on the van ;
The cannon poured an iron hail,
And pike, and lance, and gun,
And sweeping sword, and crashing axe,
A ghastly harvest won ;
And Hopton sank, and Arundel
Toiled on in wounds and pain,
And England's best and noblest blood
Was shed on earth like rain^e.

^e "In this battle, on the King's part, there were more officers and gentlemen of quality slain than common men, and more hurt than slain ; as the Lord Arundel, of Wardour, shot in the thigh with a brace of pistol-bullets, Sir Ralph Hopton, shot through the arm with a musquet, Sir George Vaughan, and many others, hurt at the head of their troops with swords and poleaxes. That which would have clouded any victory, and made the loss of others less spoken of, was the death of Sir Beville Grenville. He was indeed an excellent person, whose activity, interest, and reputation were the foundation of what had been done in Cornwall ; and his temper and affection so public, that no accident which happened could make any impression on him ; and his example kept others from taking

Yet still in vain dark Waller raged,
And piled the field with dead ;
Still onward pressed the Cornish pikes,
And still Sir Beville led.
In hottest fire, in sorest need,
Where dangers loudest call,
He stood, the stay and bulwark,
The soul and strength of all ;
'Mid smoke and dust, through blood and death,
From post to post he passed,
And faint hands grasped the blade again,
And victory followed fast,
And faint hearts beat with new-born life,
As still, where'er he trod,
His solemn war-cry rose, " My King,
My country, and my God."

'Tis eventide. The fight is o'er—
The vanquished foeman flies—
But stretched upon that fatal height,
Sir Beville Grenville lies.

anything ill, or at least seeming to do so. In a word, a brighter courage, and a gentler disposition were never married together to make the most cheerful and innocent conversation."—*Clarendon*.

The rebel's axe had cleft his helm,
Just as the fight was done,
When dauntless heart and daring hand
The hard-fought field had won.

He fell, as falls the lordly oak—
Loosed is each mighty limb,
Faint beats that good and gallant heart,
That lofty eye is dim.
His breath comes short, and fast, and hard,
His brow is cold as stone ;
Scarce know they that the Grenville lives
Save by the low death moan.
Yet still his mangled visage wears
An impress half divine,
And all the noble soul breathes forth
In every anguished line.

They laid him 'neath the sacred shade^f,
And men of God were there
To bless his soul in Jesu's grace,
And soothe his pangs with prayer,

^f Sir Beville Grenville died at Cold Ashton Parsonage.

And gentle maidens watched all night
Like angels by his side,
Till morning rose, and hope was quenched,
And the great Grenville died.

Round the pale corse, in speechless woe,
The Cornish warriors stand,
And Slanning kneels, and in his own
Grasps the dead Grenville's hand.
Trevanion weeps, as women weep,
And sobs convulsive start,
And groans of deep-drawn agony
From Hopton's bursting heart ;
And Basset bows his aching head
Down as a bulrush low,
And o'er his friend and brother mourns,
With more than brother's woe.

On Lansdown stands his monument—
Kilkhampton has his dust—
His spirit slumbers with the blest,
In holy, humble trust ;
And Cornwall has his lofty name
To tell, with sacred pride,
How like a hero-saint he lived,
And like a martyr died.

The Death of the Earl of Northampton, in
the Battle of Hopton Heath, near Stafford,
March, 1644.

IT was a Sunday morn in March—
And we were met once more
At matins in St. Mary's,
God's mercy to implore
On our loved Church, low laid in dust,
Crushed 'neath th' oppressor's heel,
On our discrownèd monarch,
And the bleeding commonweal.
And, as we knew the foe was nigh,
More fervently we prayed—
Priest, noble, trooper, citizen,
The matron and the maid—
Prayed to the God of battles
That in the murderous strife,
If so He pleased, His watchful care
Might shield each precious life;

That all who died might die in Christ,
In Christ at rest remain,
And, on the resurrection morn,
Might meet in Christ again.
But 'twas a sad and solemn hour,
For well, too well, we knew,
That of our gallant company,
So loved, so brave, so true,
Of soldier, or of officer,
Of father, or of son,
Death would a bloody harvest reap
Before the day was done.

So prayed we in St. Mary's,
And grace in Jesus won
By litany and sacrament ;
But scarce our prayer was done,
Ere the alarum sounded,
And bells, and trump, and drum
Proclaimed in mixt, discordant notes
That the stern foe was come.

A clash of arms rang through the Church—
Prayer was abruptly stayed—

Flashed helm and corslet ; clattered spurs ;
 Hard fingers clutched the blade ;
The firelocks rattled on the floor ;
 The banners fluttered high ;
“Forth !” said the Earl ; and forth we went—
 Northampton went to die.

We met the foe on Hopton Heath—
 Northampton led the van—
Down like an avalanche we came,
 And crushed them, horse and man ;
Hard on their yielding ranks we pressed,
 And many a biting thrust
Left many a charger ranging free,
 His rider in the dust.
Woe for the cruel wounds of war !
 Woe for the bitter need !
Our very hearts wept drops of blood
 To see our brothers bleed.

But, as we urged the hot pursuit,
 “Back !” cried Northampton, “back !”—
His eagle eye had scanned afar
 Gell's troopers on our track.

We turned ; the foe was nearing fast,
And massed in triple rank
Came bearing down, a thousand strong,
To smite us on the flank.
"Charge !" cried the Earl ; "God and the King !"
We charged—what words can tell
The carnage dire, the lengthened toil,
Of that encounter fell.
Steed rushed on steed—man grappled man—
High rose the heaps of dead—
Seemed that the solid earth did quake
Under that combat dread.
The foe was fresh ; our blood was spent ;
Our breath and strength outworn ;
Yet—where our Chief, there victory—
And they were backwards borne.

Gell fiercely cheered, reviled, implored,
And headlong burst away—
Thrice did they rally—thrice they broke—
Forced back in wild dismay.
Against our wall of naked steel
They rushed but to recede ;—
But in the rout Northampton fell,
Crushed by his falling steed.

Round the fallen Chief the foemen closed,
 Like tigers on their prey ;
He swept his sword with giant stroke,
 And kept a host at bay.
They gashed his head, and hacked his breast—
 His blood found ready vent
At every vein ; a hundred blades
 On that lone man were bent.
“Take quarter, Earl, and yield thy sword,”
 The rebel leader cried ;
“I scorn my life at hands like thine,”
 The dying Chief replied.
And dripping sore with sweat and gore,
 A wound in every limb,
Still as he bled he smote amain,
 And scowled with visage grim,
Till a base backstroke crushed his skull,
 And, on a ghastly bed,
Which his own hand had piled with foes,
 Northampton's Earl lay dead.

They bore his mangled corse away ;
 We had no power to save ;
We begged the body of the foe,
 To give our chief a grave—

And they denied. In bitterest shame,
In wounds and anguish deep,
Back to our solitary homes
We turned to pray and weep.

The Sunday night came darkly on ;
Once more for evening prayer
St. Mary's bell tolled solemnly—
Sadly we gathered there.

We bowed our knees ; before the Lord
Our hearts like water poured ;
Confessed the retribution due,
And of His grace implored
That He would stay His wasting hand,
And bid war's havoc cease,
And heal His Church's bleeding wounds,
And give her children peace.

The Siege of Lathom House, Lancashire,
from Feb. to May, 1644.



NOBLE name is Stanley—
On Time's emblazoned page
The noblest name is Stanley
Through many a storied age,
For princely birth, and gracious worth,
For wealth, and wide demesne,
For chivalry and loyalty,
And honour without stain,
For deeds of might and prowess high
In battle bravely done—
But the proudest charge in Stanley's shield
Was by a woman won.

The Countess is in Lathom ;
The Earl is far away ;
And Fairfax, in his folly,
Counts a woman easy prey.

“Now yield thee, Lady Derby”—
In scorn, and pride of soul,
She tore in twain, and 'neath her feet
Trode the insulting scroll ;
And bade them take this answer back—
“Nay, false heart, rebel base,
A woman and a stranger,
I defy thee to thy face ;
'Gainst thee, and all thy traitor horde,
If God me succour bring,
I hold my honour for my lord,
My castle for my King ;
I am a daughter of Nassau,
And ere I yield to thee,
These flaming towers and crumbling walls
My monument shall be.”

Forthwith round lordly Lathom
Is rigid leaguer laid,
With trench, and mine, and rampier,
And sconce, and palisade ;
And mortar, sacre, culverin,
Belch forth in volleys hot,
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
Grenado, stone, and shot.

But Lathom's walls are broad and high,
The moat is wide and deep ;
At every gate brave hearts, strong hands
Keen ward and sentry keep ;
There Ogle stands, there Chisenall,
There Worrall, Rawstorne, Kay,
Bold leaders in the sally,
Fell combatants in fray :
And what though scant three hundred,
With captains eight or ten ?
The Lady in her bravery
Is worth a thousand men.

How calm she looks, how saintly !
So grave, and yet so fair !
Four times a-day to nerve her soul
She meets her God in prayer ^a ;

^a "Her Ladiship's first care was the service of God, which in sermons and solemne prayers shee duely saw performed ; 4 tymes a day was shee commonly present in publike prayers, attended with 2 litle ladyes. her children, the Lady Mary and the Lady Catherine, for piety and sweetness truelye the children of soe princely a mother ; and if daringness in tyme of danger may adde anything to their age and virtues, lett them have this testimonye, that though truely apprehensive of the enemyes malice, they were never startled with any appearance of danger."—*Journal of Siege of Lathom House.*

And when the assault is fiercest,
And where the breach is wide,
The Lady in her bravery
Stands at the soldier's side,
And speaks high words of hope and praise,
That make his heart's blood glow,
Of honour and of loyalty,
And of mercy to the foe ;
And walks unmoved through flames and wounds,
By tottering tower and wall,
Nor trembles at the bursting bomb,
Nor dreads the whistling ball ;
Till fighting chiefs, and captains old,
Grown grey in war's stern art,
Marvel to think a frame so frail
Should hold so brave a heart.

All night hath Lathom been astir,
And in the twilight grey,
Forth issuing from the eastern gate,
Three companies make way.
With crouching knee, and bated breath,
And silent tread they go—
Then, with a gallant thundershout,
Burst in upon the foe.

The shock is sharp—the trench is won—
And, through the crowded pass
Fighting and fleeing, friend and foe,
Rush on in mingled mass.
Then follows deadly fight within,
And surging to and fro,
Like waves at sea, they fight, they flee,
Maddened in frantic throe.
'Tis fearful odds—ten men to two—
But Ogle cleaves a way,
And Fox, and Brome, and Worrall,
Close up in dense array ;
With shout and thrust, and trumpet clang,
Still on they fiercely press
To reach their wasting scourge and dread,
The mortar-piece, Black Bess^b.

^b “The next day they played theire mortar peece 3 times loaden with stone ; on Thursday, one shott, and one granadoe, chosen men upon the guards, standing ready with greene and wett hides, to quench the burning. Our men made a sallye, and nailed and battered the mortar with smiths’ hammers, but it had too wide a mouth to bee stopt. It was now more terrible than formerly, insomuch that the souldiers lodged in rooms with clay walls. A shell struck a building, and left only the carcase standing, yet without hurt to any person, saveing that 2 women in a neere chamber had their hands scorcht to putt them in mind hereafter

For one brief space the foe is crushed,
And round Black Bess they crowd—
No precious moment to be lost—
And Ogle shouts aloud,
“Haste! ere the rebel rally!
Ho! soldiers, forty strong;
With rope, and chain, and lever,
Roll the huge mass along.”
They toil, and strain, and heave, and sweat,
Black Bess makes weary way—
But ere the noon within the walls
The dreaded mortar lay.

’Twas strange to note the soldiers’ joy,
The women’s wild delight,
To see Black Bess, their dread by day,
Their troubled dream by night,

they were in siege at Lathom, and her Ladyshipp was forced to seeke a new lodgeing, with this protest, that shee would keepe the house while there was a building to cover her head. The morter peece was that that still troubled us all: the litle ladyes had stomach to digest canon, but the stoutest souldiers had noe hearts for granadoes.”—*Journal of Siege of Lathom House.*

That scared them from their thoughts and prayers,
 Their slumbers and their meat,
Like a dead lion quietly
 Lie harmless at their feet.
And Lady Kate and Mary came,
 Sweet maidens, nought afraid,
And laid their fingers on its mouth,
 And round the monster played,
And e'en the Lady caught the joy, •
 And bade her chaplains raise
A jubilant *Magnificat*
 Of gratitude and praise °.

Three months the leaguer lingered on,
 And aye, on fresh attack,

° “But now neither ditches, nor ought els troubled our souldiers, their grand terror, the mortar peece, being taken ; every one had his eye and his foote upon him, shouteing and rejoyceing merrily : indeed every one had this apprehencion of the service, that the main worke was done, and what was yet behind was but a meere pastime. It was the greatest and most fortunate exployt. Her Ladishipp, though not often overcarried with any light expressions of joy, yet religiously sensible of soe great a blessing, and desirous, according to her pious disposition, to returne acknowledgements to the right authour, God alone, presently comands her chaplaynes to a publike thanksgiving.”—*Journal of Siege of Lathom House.*

The Lady, in her bravery,
Beat their fierce battle back.
At last the Prince to succour came,
And on the coward foe,
Now flying fast in hideous rout,
Dealt an o'erwhelming blow;
And laid at that brave Lady's feet
Those banners, proud and high,
Which late before her castle walls,
Had flaunted on the sky^d.

^d "The Prince Rupert that day not only releevd, but revenged, the most noble Ladye his cosen, leaveing 1,600 of her besiegers dead upon the place, and carrying away 700 prisoners. For a perpetuall memoriall of his victory, in a brave expression of his owne noblenesse, and a gracious respect to her Ladishipp's sufferings, the next day he presented her Ladishipp with 22 of those collours, which 3 dayes before were proudly flourisht before her house."—*Journal of Siege of Lathom House.*

The Last Sacrament of Arthur, Lord Capel,
March 9, 1649.

TIS midnight—and a prison. By the light
Of one faint, flickering lamp, behold, two men,
Arthur, Lord Capel, and the priest of God.
This is the solemn hour of Eucharist—
To-morrow, by the noon, must Capel die,
Following so soon his master's track to heaven.

"I would to God," thus wrote he from the Tower,
Ere Charles put on the crown of martyrdom,
"Ye would accept my life a sacrifice,
And spare to shed my Sovereign's sacred blood."

Aye the same man ;—whether in headlong charge
He led the Guards to battle—or in council
Beyond his years far-sighted and sagacious—
Or dropping tears on Killigrew's cold face—
Or keeping midnight watch at Colchester—
Or with defiant mien, and haughty words,
Daring the mock tribunal—or in prison

Baring his naked soul before his God—
Or shaking hands with death upon the scaffold ;—
So brave, so wise, so noble, kind and true,
So just, so pious, so severely good,
A very Cato with a Christian's heart.

“I have good hope in Christ, yet on my soul
Doth press,” he said, “one sin too heavily :
It is, that when great Strafford stood in doom,
I gave my voice for blood. But ere I die,
I would all possible atonement make,
And if thou think it needful, man of God,
I will confess my crime upon the scaffold.”
“I think it needful,” said the man of God ;
And Capel, on the morrow, ere he died,
Confessed the crime, and made the expiation.

’Tis midnight—and a prison. By the light
Of one faint, flickering lamp, behold, a table,
Spread with fair linen, and the bread and wine,
Dear symbols of our dying Jesu's love.
E'en now the sacred service is begun ;—
The place, the time, the circumstance of death
Giving the mystery a character
Of strange solemnity and awe unwonted.
The dying hero feels the awful hour ;
A light seraphic plays about his brow ;

His soul dissolves in ecstasy of praise,
Long, fervent, silent, and he soars away
In beatific flight, to realms of joy,
Until the consecrating priest, in low
And measured utterance, devoutly saith,
“Arthur, Lord Capel, take this sacrament,
Thy last communion, mystery sublime,
And bind thy dying spirit to thy Christ.”

The seal was set—the blest viaticum
Applied by faith, and prayer, and Jesu’s grace—
The dying saint received the living God.
And, as the morning broke, “I feel,” he said,
“Strong in unwonted strength : now call my wife,
And let me say farewell.” She came—an hour
They spent in plenteous tears, and fond regrets,
And all the tenderness of parting love ;
Until the wife and woman sank, and faint,
And pale as death, they tore her from his arms.
“Oh, this is bitter agony !” he cried ;
And for awhile he trembled like a leaf,
And all the man was bowed in mighty woe ;
But in a moment, gathering up his soul,
He curbed the vehement pang, and calmly said,
“’Tis past—and now I only have to die.”
He stands upon the scaffold, all himself,

Grand in his loneliness and bravery,
And with unquailing eye, and full, clear voice,
Bareheaded to the heavens, he cries aloud,
“ I die for conscience to my God and King :
I loved my country aye, and to her laws
Have rendered due obedience cheerfully ;—
I ever honoured with affection true
My mother Church of England, in whose bosom
I have been nourished tenderly in life,
In whose blest fellowship I die with joy,
The pride of all the Churches, purest, best ;—
And of my martyred Monarch, now with God,
Before this people, and the court of heaven,
Before the God of truth, at whose dread bar
My naked spirit shortly must appear,
I do avouch he was the worthiest man,
Best Christian, husband, father, master, friend,
With fewest faults and sinful weaknesses,
This realm and generation have begot.”

Then calling to the headsman, “ Man, didst thou
Cut off my master’s head ?” “ I did,” said he.
“ Where is the instrument ?” He brought the axe.
“ Now, sirrah, wilt thou swear before thy God
Thou didst the deed, and with this instrument ?”
“ I swear to God I did.” “ And didst not fear ?”

“They threatened me with death if I forbore.”
“Give me the axe.” He laid it on his heart,
Embraced, and kissed it ; and it soothed his soul,
And sweetened death itself, to feel he died
In close communion with his master’s pangs.

The Death of the Princess Elizabeth, Daughter
of Charles I., on Sunday, Sept. 8, 1650.

FROM day to day the maiden
Wasted in hopeless woe ;
And death crept o'er her trembling limbs
With steady pace and slow :
She rose to weep at morning,
And in the hours of sleep,
When men lie down to slumber,
She laid her down to weep.

Soft airs from sunny Normandy
Came o'er the summer sea,
And called to life all beauteous things
In bird, and flower, and tree ;
But song-birds sing unheeded,
And vainly roses bloom,
For her, whose heart lies withered
In stern and early doom.

She was a monarch's daughter—
The martyred Charles's child ;
By birth a princess—in her soul
A lowly maid and mild ;
And since the day her father died
She mourns in hopeless woe—
The blow that reached the saintly sire
Laid the meek daughter low.

But not the father's blood appeased
Rebellion's wolf-hounds wild—
They counted it a crime in her
To be the Stuart's child.
The same red fangs that had so late
The lordly lion torn,
Now mangle in fierce thirst of blood
The gentle lamb forlorn.

'Mid glances steeled and gloomy,
And hearts as cold as stone,
She roamed through frowning Carisbrook
All friendless and alone,

Save that her brother by her side,
Bound in like bondage trod,
And angels often came to her
With messages from God.

And day by day the maiden
Wasted in hopeless woe,
And night by night unbidden tears
Gushed forth in ceaseless flow,
Till weary worn with weeping,
She laid her down to sleep,
And dreamed she heard her father's voice,
And woke again to weep.

As on that solemn even,
When in his martyr cell,
He charged her with his dying words,
And bade her long farewell ^a,

^a The Princess Elizabeth, second daughter of Charles I., was born in 1635. At the age of six, the horrors of war separated her from her parents, and the remaining nine years of her short life were spent in misery, desolation, and imprisonment. She was admitted, with her brother, the

So oft in sleep she sees him near,
In dreams she hears him speak,
And feels his blessing on her head,
His kisses on her cheek.

Duke of Gloucester, to an interview with her father on the night before his execution.

“His children being come to meet Him, Hee first gave His blessing to the Ladie Elizabeth.”

“What the King said to me the nine and twentieth of Jan. 1648. Hee told mee Hee had not time to saie much, yet somewhat Hee had to saie to mee, which Hee had not to another. Hee wished mee not to grieve and torment my self for Him, for that would bee a glorious death that Hee should die ; it beeing for the Laws and Liberties of this Land, and for maintaining the true Protestant Religion. Hee bid mee read Bishop Andrew’s Sermons, Hooker’s Ecclesiastical Politie, and Bishop Laud’s Book against Fisher, which would ground mee against Poperie. Hee told mee Hee had forgiv’n all His Enemies, and hoped God would forgive them also ; and commanded Us, and all the rest of my Brothers and Sisters to forgive them. He bid mee tell my Mother, That His thoughts had never straied from Her, and that His Love should bee the same to the last.” [This message of undying love remained undelivered, for the gentle girl never again saw her mother.] “Withal, Hee commanded mee and my Brother to be obedient to Her, and bid mee send His blessing to the rest of my Brothers and Sisters, with Commendation to all His Friends. Hee commanded the Duke of Glocester to fear the Lord, and hee would provide for him. With manie other things which at present I cannot remember. So, after Hee had giv’n mee His blessing, I took my leav.”—*A Relation from the Ladie Elisabeth’s own Hand.*

Ah, meek and woeful maiden !
Thy woe shall soon be o'er,
And thou shalt see thy sainted sire
On that eternal shore,
Where to thy fond and faithful heart
Shall come no parting day,
But thy good God shall give thee
Angelic joys for aye.

The sunbeams of a Sunday morn
Broke early o'er the sea ;
But her prison bars were earlier burst,
And the captive child was free.
They found her wan, woe-wasted form
In death's grim grasp compressed,
But the glad, triumphant spirit
Was with the saints at rest.

“Then said the King to her, Sweet Heart, you'll forget this. No (said shee) I shall never forget it while I live : and pouring forth abundance of tears, promised Him to write down the Particulars.” “How the wretched child passed the day of her father's execution in the ancient house of Sion, at Brentford, God, who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, only knows.”

—*Book of Days.*

Her hands in prayer enfolded,
Her Bible open spread ^b,
Her pale cheek on her pillow,
The Stuart Rose lay dead.
Thus nursed in tears and early pangs
Of sorrow's bitter rod,
The daughter of the Martyr King
Went to the martyrs' God.

And long unknown, unhonoured,
Her sacred dust had slept ^c,
When to the Stuart maiden's grave
A mourner came, and wept.

^b "Her father's last and cherished gift."

^c "Her remains were embalmed and buried with considerable pomp in the church of St. Thomas, at Newport, Isle of Wight, the letters E. S. on an adjacent wall alone pointing out the spot. In time the obscure resting-place of a king's daughter was forgotten, and it came upon people like a discovery when, in 1793, while a grave was being prepared for a son of Lord De la Warr, a leaden coffin, in excellent preservation, was found, bearing this inscription :—

ELIZABETH,
2ND DAUGHTER OF THE LATE KING CHARLES.
DECEASED, SEPTEMBER 8TH, MDCL.

Go, read that Royal Mourner's woe
In lines a world reveres,
And see the tomb of Charles's child
Wet with Victoria's tears^d.

^d In 1856, Queen Victoria erected a monument in memory of the Princess; it is of white marble, the work of Baron Marochetti, and represents her lying on her bed, with her cheek leaning on a page of her open Bible, which bears these words from St. Matt. xi., "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The inscription is as follows :—

IN MEMORY OF
THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH, DAUGHTER OF CHARLES I.,
WHO DIED AT CARISBROOKE CASTLE, ON SUNDAY, SEP. 8, 1650,
AND IS INTERRED BENEATH THE CHANCEL OF THIS CHURCH,
THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED,
A TOKEN OF RESPECT FOR HER VIRTUES, AND OF SYMPATHY FOR
HER MISFORTUNES,
BY VICTORIA R. 1856.

The Execution of James, Earl of Derby, at
Bolton, Wednesday, Oct. 15, 1651.

THE Lady Kate is sick, Lord Derby's child ;
Her widowed mother watches by her side :
"Tell me again," she saith, in accents mild,
"Tell me, dear mother, how my father died."

"Oft have I told thee, child," the Lady said,
"And thou hast wept too much—thou canst not
bear
The sad recital now. There, rest thy head,
And sing thy evening hymn, and say thy prayer."

"I said my prayer," the gentle maid replied,
"And sang my hymn just now : I will not cry :
Tell me, my mother, how my father died,
That by his dying I may learn to die."

And so, her arms entwined in loving fold,
Her pale cheek resting on her mother's side,
The daughter listened, while the mother told
How Derby suffered, and how Derby died.

"'Twas after that dread fight by Severn's side,
Your father yielded to the hopeless strife,
Stood in the gap his Sovereign's flight to hide,
Gave up his own to save his Sovereign's life.

"The Monarch fled and lived—your father died ;
They doomed him to the scaffold and the block :
Would he had died at Lathom in his pride !
Would he had perished in the battle's shock !

"He prayed for life, for life was sweet and dear ;
'Twas for my sake and yours he wished to live ;
The stern, victorious foe, in hate and fear,
No respite from the bloody doom would give.

"And oh, refined revenge ! With timbers torn
From our own house at Lathom,—now longwhile
Despoiled and burnt, and left in wreck forlorn,—
They made the block, and built the funeral pile.

“The men of Bolton sternly stood aside,
And would not lift a plank, or drive a nail ;
The women wept and whispered, prayed and sighed,
And watched the work in trepidation pale.

“And as your father passed the market-cross,—
For he was most religious,—‘Lord,’ said he,
‘I come to do Thy will, to suffer loss ;
O lighten Thou this heavy cross for me.’

“With solemn sacrament and fervent prayer
He girded up his soul to meet his God,
And through the streets, and up the scaffold stair,
With cheek unblanched, and steady footstep trod.

“‘These are but steps to heaven,’ he calmly said ;
And when the people prayed, and sobbed outright,
‘Still pray,’ he cried, ‘and God upon your head
A thousandfold your pious love requite.’

“He walked upon the scaffold to and fro,
And eyed the instrument of vengeance dread ;
He touched the block : ‘The block, methinks, is low,
Yet a good pillow for a dying head.’

“He tried the axe : ‘Tis sharp ; but it will be
My kindest friend, the salve to all my woes ;’
And pointing to his coffin,—‘Thou,’ said he,
‘Shalt be my bridal bed of sweet repose.’

“Then turning to the people,—‘Mark,’ he cried,
‘I die for loyal duty to my King ;
And had I yet a thousand lives beside,
A thousand lives in sacrifice would bring.

“‘I die of England’s Church a faithful son ;
And thank my God for all His gracious aid,
For humble hearts by Jesu’s sufferings won,
To humble hearts by that true Church conveyed.

“‘Now turn the block to face the church,’ he said,
‘For I would cast my dying thoughts on Thee,
O dearest Christ, with whom I hope to tread
The courts of heaven through all eternity.

“‘I die in perfect peace ; the precious streams
Of Thy rich blood have cleansed my sins’ alloy ;
My spirit rests in Thee ; death’s presence seems
The pledge and herald of immortal joy.’

“ So kneeling yet again, he laid his head,
With prayers and aspirations most divine,
Upon the block, as his accustomed bed,
And gave the headsman the appointed sign ;

“ He shrunk to strike the blow, though stern and strong :
‘ Strike, friend, oh, strike !’ exclaimed the martyr
blest ;
‘ Why dost thou keep me from my Lord so long ?
Oh, send me to my everlasting rest !’

“ And thus your father died.” The Lady ceased—
The child, in solemn utterance, made reply :
“ This grace be mine ; thus be my soul released ;
Thus in the Lord may Derby’s daughter die !”

Margery Hunt.

HE stood in desperate venture for his King^a,
And now a prisoner, bleeding, bound, and
doomed,
To Margery and Elizabeth, his sisters,
He sent this message from the cell of death :
“There is no hope—to-morrow I must die.”

^a A general rising of the Cavaliers in behalf of Charles II. was planned to take place in different parts of England in the spring of 1655. A premature outbreak in the west seems to have annulled the whole scheme. The open downs of Wiltshire enabling the loyal and restless spirits of this district to arrange their plans under pretence of hunting-parties, on Monday, March 12, before daylight, Colonel Penruddocke and Major Grove, with other Royalists, in all about two hundred mounted men, entered Salisbury, where the assizes were being held, released their friends in prison, dragged the sheriff and judges from their beds into the market-place, and called on them to proclaim Charles II. On their refusal, it was proposed to hang all three on the common gallows, and this fate they narrowly escaped. In the afternoon the Cavaliers left Salisbury, moving westward. Their plans seem to have been laid without care or concert, and very few of the old Royalists joined in the perilous undertaking, probably because they did not know when or where or how

The anguished maidens hasten to the prison,
And falling at the sullen gaoler's feet,
With tears and pleadings irresistible,
Crave but to see their brother's face once more.

In stern, brief words he answers, "For one hour—
Mark ye, but one—the rebel Thomas Hunt
May speak with ye ;—away."

Elizabeth,

Young, gentle, frail, hangs o'er her brother's couch,

the plot was to explode. Passing through Dorset into Devon, a squadron of Cromwell's horse captured nearly the whole party, after a brave struggle, at South Molton, and the Protector signified his pleasure that they should be proceeded against with unrelenting severity. Some were beheaded, some hanged ; others shipped to the plantations, and sold as slaves : Penruddocke and Grove were executed at Exeter. Amongst other Wiltshire gentlemen who took part in the insurrection was Colonel Thomas Hunt, of Enford ; he was taken, confined in Ilchester Gaol, made his escape in the way related in the text, and joined Charles II. in France. Cromwell confiscated his estates, kept the two sisters in prison, and threatened to execute Margery unless her brother returned and delivered himself up to death. On hearing of this determination of the usurper, Thomas Hunt prepared to set off for England to save his sister's life ; the King, however, interfered, and put him under friendly arrest ; and Cromwell did not sacrifice the intrepid maiden. At the Restoration, the Colonel came to England in the same vessel with the King, and retiring into Wiltshire, lived with his mother and sisters on a small estate at Longstreet, in Enford, which had escaped the spoiler's hand.

And as her gushing tears stream down her cheeks,
Her silent prayer goes up to God in heaven.
Such tears, and sighs, and prayers are not in vain ;
For Margery's brave heart, in love heroic,
Conceives a sudden enterprize of hope :
" If thou hast strength, my brother, take my clothes ;
Disguise thyself, and boldly dare to flee ;
I'll lie where thou hast lain, and feel no fear—
They dare not harm a woman."

Long in vain

By prayers and tears and every argument
That love could urge, she pressed her bold device,
His fond heart shrinking from the dangerous odds.
" I fear their cruel wrath, sweet love," he said,
" And I would rather die ten thousand deaths
Than thou shouldst suffer harm and wrong for me."
" O brother, yield," she cried ; " see how the hour,
The fatal limit of our hope, draws on :
Fear not ; we both shall live to thank our God."

They bound his wounds, and cut his flowing locks—
With hurried, trembling hands, and innocent art,
Concealing all the man in woman's dress ;
And scarce had done their work, when harsh and loud,
With threats and curses on their tardiness,
The gaoler summoned them to instant parting.

In that dark cell, in her doomed brother's bed,
Encircled by a thousand bolts and bars,
And thrice a thousand savage soldiery,
The brave, devoted maid is left alone
With God, her own great heart, and vehement prayer
Prolonged through all the weary, wakeful night,
And yet continued ceaseless through the day,
That God would bless the perilous emprise,
And snatch her brother from the yawning tomb.

Meanwhile from ward to ward, through dismal bars,
Damp, vaulted galleries, and grinding gates,
Muffled in sable veils, with heads low bowed
As though in agony of grief, they two
Unchallenged, unsuspected, (yea, e'en blest
By a compassionate turnkey,) slowly passed
Outside the prison walls.

One brief "Thank God"
Burst from the sister's lips ; one brief "Good bye,"
And she is hasting to her home to pray,
And he is hurrying on from street to street
Into the open moor, by ways unknown,
Fast as his wounds permit.

'Tis night ; and heaven
Pours down its floods of waters pitiless,
And in the darkness, whither best to turn

•

The wanderer knows not. All the gusty night
Through pathless fields and swamps, and tangled wilds,
He drags his bleeding limbs. At length exhausted
He sank upon the sodden earth.

Morn rose

Heavy and darkling, when before his eyes,
Not farther than a boy might sling a pebble,
Horror of horrors, rose the prison walls
In all their vast and gloomy loftiness,
And through the misty haze he saw the line
Of tower, and battlement, and window barred ;
And while he gazed and trembled, on his ear
Burst the full death-note of the chapel bell,
Tolling the knell of his own execution.

Nerved by the dread of death, his hope and strength
Sunk to the lowest ebb, yet once again
With staggering steps he urged his trembling frame
Across the champaign, all the dreary way
That knell funereal breaking on his ear,
And aye that dismal pile within his ken.
It may be that he wandered on a mile,
Then fell once more, in utter impotence
Further to goad his jaded feet.

But prayer—

Prayer of the righteous, though in straits extreme—

Ne'er knocked for mercy at the gate of God,
And came home empty-handed.

As he lay

Insensible, an early husbandman
Passed by. Surprised, he saw the prostrate form :
"A woman!" quoth he to himself, "o'ertaken
By some foul wrong or accident of night,"—
And raised the body hastily ; but when
He marked the manly features, and big limbs,
And heard the hoarser voice, though low, suspicion
Broke instant on him, and he sighed—"Poor soul !
Thou art no woman, I conceive ; perchance
Some wounded Cavalier, escaped from prison ;
Trust me—thou mayst ; see on my face this scar,
Mark my maimed hand, and slow and painful gait :
I fought at Wardour with the Lady Blanche."

The words brought life and hope to him who now
Scarce hoped or lived. "Thank God," he faintly cried,
And in brief words his startling tale disclosed.
"Friend," said the man, "I live or die with thee."

He caught a ragged ass at distance browsing,
Forced the lorn soldier tenderly to ride,
And urged the beast by unfrequented tracks
Mile after mile, through valley and o'er hill,
Until at noon they reached a peasant's hut

On a wide moor. He whispered to his wife,
And she, good soul, in busy kindliness,
Prepares a cordial, meat, and bandages ;
While he, with anxious looks of stern resolve,
Gathers what scanty arms the house supplies,
A rusty firelock and a broken sword,
Some bill-hooks, sickles, with an axe and pikes,
Weapons of deadly power, when grasped by hands
Strong in the vehement fury of despair.

The pangs of pain and hunger soothed, forthwith
The soldier sinks in slumber deep as death.
The peasant ever and anon looks out
With hurried glances up and down the moor ;
And as the shades of night begin to thicken,
They bar the cottage doors with planks and beams,
And bags of wool, and scour the rusty arms,
And point the pikes ; and sitting by the fire,
In earnest thought and consultation deep,
And listening eagerly for every sound,
She dries the powder, he is moulding bullets.

Both for awhile were silent. " Wife," at last
The husband said, " this is a solemn time ;
There's but a single step 'tween us and death ;
Let's now to prayer, lest we be called to die."
They bowed the knee, and raised their cry to God,

That He would charge His providence with them,
And keep them safe in Christ for weal or woe :
And rose refreshed.

'Twas now the dead of night ;—
There was no sound, and still the soldier slept ;
And hope grew strong. But starting in his dreams,
And wakening in a sudden, wild alarm,
He cried, " They come ! they come ! My sword ! my
sword ! "

And pausing all to listen, on their ear
The sound of trampling hoofs distinctly broke,
And clashing arms, with words of men commingled,
Soon followed by loud blows, and a short threat
To burst the door.

The soldier grasps the axe ;
The woman holds the powder-flask, and balls ;
The peasant, with the musquet trebly charged,
And braced to shed his blood at every pore,
Opens the chamber window—sees a troop
Of mounted men—yet trembles not, nor falters
From his great purpose ; but in generous dread,
Save in extremity of sorest need,
To do the deed of death, and hurl a soul
Into its Maker's presence all unshriven,
He parleys with the troopers, as a man

Roused from sound sleep, and yawning loudly, asks,
"What ails ye, strangers, thus at such an hour
To break our slumbers?" "Fool," the leader cries,
"We seek a rebel, drest in woman's clothes :
Haste, hie thee down, or pay thy forfeit life."
"Ha, ha !" he shouts, and laughs with feigned surprise,
And mockery mixed with rustic irony,
"Ye're all too late, my masters ; such a man,
So clad, passed hereby at the hour of noon ;
He'll to the sea, be sure : if ye ride hard,
Ye may o'ertake him ere the morning breaks."
Instant upon the word, the troopers turned,
And galloped fiercely o'er the moors away.—
Thus prayer was answered.

The Death of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir
George Lisle, Monday, Aug. 28, 1648.

BY the old wall at Colchester,
With moss and grass o'ergrown,
The curious, thoughtful wanderer
Will note a small, white stone.
'Tis sunken now—yet slight it not ;
That stone can speak, and tell
A tale of blood ; it marks the spot
Where Lisle and Lucas fell.

On earth there is no abject thing
So abject as a fallen king.
And Charles, despoiled, cashiered, discrowned,
In his own halls a captive bound,
Spurned, crushed by countless ills forlorn,
Drinks to the dregs the cup of scorn.

Yet in that hour of blank despair,
Lisle, Lucas, Capel, Compton dare

Their wrecks of shattered strength to call
To Colchester's beleaguered wall ;
Round Charles, in hope 'gainst hope to cling—
Proclaim, e'en yet, that Charles is king ;
And one more mighty effort try
For honour, love, and loyalty.

Vain all the dauntless venture—vain
Their valour, piety, and pain.
Who in the field the foe repels
Grim Famine in the city quells.
The soldier, gaunt and staggering, crawls
From post to post along the walls ;
With leaden eyes the townsmen meet,
Like spectres, in the howling street.
No bread within—without, the foe—
 No friend, no succour nigh—
The leaguer closer drawn—they know
 They needs must yield, or die.

They yield—and Fairfax, bloody heart !
Ere yet the shades of evening part,
Dooms to a sudden, felon grave
Lisle, Lucas, bravest of the brave ;

And Ireton, in exultant glee,
Hastes on the murderous tragedy.

“Haste on the murderous tragedy !
Nor let them live another night,
Nor mother, sister, brother see ;
Nor give them space to order right
Their souls to meet their Maker's sight !”

One hour—brief respite ! So to prayer,
Last refuge of the soul, they went—
To prayer, and blessed Sacrament ;
And then rose up, refreshed, to bear
Whate'er of added scorn or sting
The circumstance of death might bring.

“Lead Lucas forth !” Forth Lucas came,
And on the files of musqueteers
Smiled as in scorn ; in step and frame
No trembling, and in soul no fears.
But, as from fields of carnage wet,
He oft had marched to victory,
Though vanquished, fettered, doomed to die,
He stands the victor-hero yet ;

And cried, "In battle's stern embrace
Oft I and death met face to face ;
See now in death I death defy,
And mark how Lucas dares to die."

He bowed his knees a little space,
With clasped hands, and eyes lift up ;
And craved of Jesu parting grace
To sweeten pain's last bitter cup ;
Then laid his bosom bare, and cried,
"I'm ready : rebels, do your worst ;"
Fell on his face, and groaned, and died,
Pierced with four savage wounds accurst.

"Haste on the murderous tragedy !
Yea, howl aloud for victims more ;
And with remorseless butchery,
Let Lisle be bathed in Lucas' gore."

He treads the stage of death, his eye
Glancing defiance round—
He sees his brother's body lie
Stretched on the bloody ground.

'Tis more than e'en a Lisle can bear—
The mighty heart gives way ;
He weeps amain, and kneeling there
Beside his dead, in love's despair
Kisses the lifeless clay ;
And sobs his requiem : " Oh, my friend,
My brother, thou hast reached thy goal !
Christ is thy rest—Christ me defend ;
My spirit with thy spirit blend,
Thou peerless and unspotted soul !"

Then stands erect, the anguish past ;
And marks in lines the levelled gun—
" Come nearer, men." " Nay," answered one,
" Fear not, good Sir, we'll hit you fast."
" Ah !" cried the warrior, " oft in fight
Nearer to me than now ye came ;
In field and fort, by day and night
I met you, and ye missed your aim.
And oh, how oft as well ye know,
In hottest blood and deadliest strife,
I checked my hand, and spared the blow,
And sheathed my sword, and gave you life.

I die content ; my God shall bring
Grace for my soul's anneal ;
I die for faith, for Charles my King,
And for my country's weal."

With invocations loud and deep
On Jesu's blessèd name,
E'en as he prayed, he fell asleep
When the death-volley came.
Where Lucas fell, there Lisle lay dead—
They slept on one same gory bed.
One in their common death ; in life
One in the same dread, glorious strife ;
As one to live in honour high,
So one in mighty heart to die.
One grave contains the sacred dead—
Go, ponder there awhile ;
Then say with pride, " My country bred
A Lucas and a Lisle ^a."

^a "As for my brothers," writes the youngest sister, Margaret, "I know not how they were bred, but this I know, they were constantly loyal and valiant. Two of my brothers, Sir Thomas Lucas, and my youngest, Sir Charles Lucas, were excellent soldiers and martial discipliners, being practised therein ; for though they might have lived upon their own

estates very honourably, yet they rather chose to serve in the wars. Their practice was, when they met together, to exercise themselves with fencing, wrestling, shooting, and such like exercises; for I observed they did seldom hawk or hunt, and very seldom or never dance or play on musick, saying it was too effeminate for masculine spirits." "The two who were thus murdered were men of great name and esteem in the war; the one being held as good a commander of horse, and the other of foot, as the nation had. Sir Charles Lucas was the younger brother to the Lord Lucas, and his heir both to the honour and estate: he was very brave in his person, and in a day of battle a gallant man to look upon and to follow. Sir George Lisle had all the courage of the other, and led his men to a battle with such an alacrity, that no man was ever better followed, his soldiers never forsaking him, and the party which he commanded never left anything undone, which he led them upon. But then, to his fierceness of courage he had the softest and most gentle nature imaginable; was kind to all, and beloved of all, and without a capacity to have an enemy. The manner of taking the lives of these worthy men was new, and without example, and concluded by most men to be very barbarous."—*Clarendon*.

"At the sight of a gentleman in mourning for Sir Charles Lucas, the King wept."—*Whitelocke*.

"The bodies of Lucas and Lisle were buried in a very private manner in a vault under the north aisle of St. Giles's Church, belonging to the Lucas family; but their funerals were afterwards solemnized in a magnificent manner on the 7th of June, 1661. A slab of black marble was placed there, with an inscription cut in unusually large and deep letters:—

'Under this Marble ly the Bodies of the two most valiant Captains, Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, Knights, who for their eminent loyalty to their Sovereign were on the 28th of August, 1648, by the command of Sir Thomas Fairfax, the General of the Parliamentary army, in cold blood, barbarously murdered.'

"A tradition of the place says that George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham,

who married Fairfax's only daughter, applied to Charles II. to have this inscription erased. The King mentioned it to Lord Lucas, who said he would obey His Majesty's commands, if His Majesty would allow the following to be substituted :—'Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were barbarously murdered for their loyalty to King Charles I. ; and his son, Charles II., ordered the memorial of their loyalty to be erased.' Thereupon the King ordered the inscription to be cut more deeply than before."—*Memoir of the Life of Sir Charles Lucas, by Earl De Grey, Baron Lucas.*

Louis XVI. of France.

BUT pass a hundred years—
A howl of crime and tears,
Of blood, and horrible alarms, and woe,
Outbursts in hideous yell,
And Louis in his cell
Bows his meek head to meet th' appalling blow.

He knows that death is near,
And calls on Christ to cheer
His fainting heart in woe's extremity—
'Tis come, the dreaded doom—
"To-morrow for the tomb
Prepare, O Monarch," ran the stern decree.

"Amen!" the Monarch said,
And all his soul outspread
Before his God in lowliest grief bowed down ;
And craved of Jesu's grace
In bliss to see His face,
And change his earthly for a heavenly crown.

But through like travail sore
Our Charles had passed before,
Through all the floods of anguish deep and wide ;
And from his sea of woes
In grace triumphant rose,
And Louis fain would die as Charles had died.

“Go,” said the dying King ;
“Th’ historic record bring
Of England’s realm, and let me read once more
How Charles of England trod
His painful way to God,
His cross of scorn and shame how meekly bore^a.”

And o’er that sacred page,
Thus on life’s parting stage,
In life’s last solemn hour he pondered long,
Till nerved by grace to tread
The path where Charles had led,
The soul of Louis grew in Jesus strong.

^a “The King then desired Clery to bring him the volume of Hume’s History of England which contained the narrative of the death of Charles I. : he read it sedulously for the few days which intervened before his execution.”—*Alison’s Hist. of Europe*.

The monarch bows his head—
The benison is said,
“Son of St. Louis, to the heavens ascend!”—
The headless trunk low lies ;
The spirit heavenward flies,
And rests with Christ in joys that know no end.

In heaven’s new golden street
Now Charles and Louis meet,
And still a glorious crown each monarch wears ;
Bright beams each radiant face,
And still redeeming grace
They sing, and hymn their God in angel airs.

And still through woe’s dark night
Thy name shall be our light,
Blest saint and king, our beacon-star and guide ;
So will we bear and bless,
Still onward, heavenward press,
Our crosses in our hands, and Jesus at our side.

The King's Lamp.

'**T**IS night : with woes and travail deep
Worn sore, the King lies fast asleep ;
And by his bed, with weary eyes,
Yet waking often, Lindsey lies.

'Twas on that eve, when battling long
With adverse ills, too stern, too strong,
His every hope crushed, quenched, and dead,
The King at morn from Oxford fled.

A silver bason bore each night
Nigh the King's head a waxen light,
That he might rise to read and pray,
While waiting for the opening day.

But when the Earl, at midnight stroke,
From his short, troubled sleep awoke,
The lamp was quenched ; a deepened gloom
Filled all the dim and silent room.

He rose, and gazed around ; no spark
Shot its faint glimmering through the dark ;
And, save the monarch's labouring breath,
All was as deep and still as death.

He fain the mystery would explore,
But in his thoughtful love forebore
To rouse the King, so sore distressed,
And fill with needless fear his breast.

He watched awhile in anxious thought,
Till wearied nature, overwrought,
No more her painful vigil kept,
And a brief hour again he slept.

Again he woke ; the waxen light
With clear, full flame was burning bright ;
Yet all was silent still : no sound
Disturbed the solemn calm around.

He slept no more till morning broke,
And when the mournful monarch woke
To woe's increased and fresh despite,
He told the venture of the night.

“Strange,” said the King, as Lindsey spoke,
“In early night I also woke ;
The lamp was out ; in much surprise
I fain had bid thee, Lindsey, rise.

“But, falling fast asleep agen,
In a brief space I woke, and then
My lamp, rekindled, clear, and bright,
Was burning with its wonted light ;

“And burnt longwhile ; is burning still—
What means this omen ?—good, or ill ?
Methinks my God, in love benign,
Hath given my fainting heart a sign.

“*Dum spiro, spero* ^a. Lindsey, see,
How in deep waves of misery
I sink o’erwhelmed ; so sank my light,
Quenched in the damps and glooms of night.

^a These words, *Dum spiro, spero*, were often written in the King’s books by his own hand ; he was fond also of copying these lines :—

Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere vitam ;
Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

“But as my lamp, ere morning came,
Burst forth with new and brilliant flame,
So from this sea of sorrows dread
My God with joy shall raise my head ;

“And I shall live, and reign, and sing
Hosanna to the Eternal King,
Who in such love and pity great,
Hath looked upon my low estate.”

“Amen !” the Earl said solemnly ;
“God grant, O Sire, this thing may be.”
Hope on his lips, faint-quivering, hung ;
His heart black fear and anguish wrung.

Yet God ordained that thing should be,
Nor was the sign blank vanity ;
For it was done, by Heaven's high aid,
As Charles foretold, as Lindsey prayed.

And though fierce tempests o'er him rolled
Of speechless suffering manifold,
Though, laid in floods of anguish low,
He sounded all the depths of woe ;

Yet from that wild, terrific storm
He rose in light, a glorious form,
And sprang to heaven on angel wing,
And Charles in death was more than king.

The Damask Rose.

THOUGH Charles, by base and traitor arts,
Fell in the evil hour,
He held an empire over hearts
Of strange and mighty power,
When least a king, then most a king,
True royalty's high dower.

His hair is grey ; his face is wan,
And ploughed with seams of care ;
Yet majesty his brows upon
Sits throned in sovereign air ;
Mixed dignity and gravity,
Resigned to be and bear.

Two hundred years have passed away
Since Charles his life laid down ;
But Charles is England's king to-day,
And still he wears a crown,
And rules o'er realms of ampler sway
Than kings of old renown.

We call him Father, blest and dear ;
We name his name with pride ;
His pious memory revere,—
King, Martyr, Saint, and Guide ;
He claims our heart's deep love sincere—
'Twas for our Church he died.

For Christ's dear Church, in dust trod down,
He died a Martyr true ;
His conscience robbed him of his crown,
His faith the Monarch slew ;
No prince or king of old renown
Such grace to suffer knew.

Therefore our Church hath given this King
A name as none before ;
And fond affections round him cling
Of love's peculiar store,
And faithful hearts their offerings bring
Increasing evermore.

Such offering brought that maid of yore,
When, as the King passed by,

She saw his sacred form, bowed sore
 With extreme misery,
And shocked and sad, wept o'er and o'er
 In childhood's sympathy.

'Twas winter time ; keen breezes blew,
 With sleet, and drifting snows—
But in the maiden's garden grew
 A single damask rose ;
She deemed this flower an offering due
 To soothe her Sovereign's woes.

Half smiles, half tears, so young and fair,
 She bent on lowly knee,
Proffered the flower with sweetest air
 Of maiden modesty,
And added with the gift a prayer,
 "God bless your Majesty !"

Woe his wan face a moment fled,
 Right graciously he smiled ;
And laid his hand upon her head,
 And kissed the kneeling child ;

“ And Christ on thee, dear maiden, shed
Rich store of mercies mild.”

And so it was that wheresoe'er
Charles in his wanderings went,
That maiden's earnest, loving prayer,
So pure and innocent,
Followed the King, till God's dear care
The gift of blessing sent.

The White Regiment.

WHEN the great Marquis of the north, Newcastle,
That name of puissance, dignity, and grace,
Reared his white standard on the Roman Wall,
And blew his trumpet-call, "God and the King,"
The sturdy peasants of Northumberland,
From all the banks of Tweed, and Till, and Tyne,—
The ploughman from the furrow in the field,
The shepherd from the fold upon the fell,
The fisher from his bark beside the sea,
Rose as a man, and to the battle went.

White were their banners, white their plumes and
helms ;
From head to foot their dress was white ; and each
Bore on his dexter arm a scarf of white.
Well drilled, and well accoutred ; armed with blades
Of keenest proof and temper ; big of bone,
And stout of heart, and true in soul, and bound
By bonds of dearest brotherhood to stand
Each by the other to the death, and aye

Led on by the great Marquis, all their march
Was triumph and exultant victory.

For when, in stern and solid phalanx wedged,
Down on the foe they bore (as Tyne or Tweed
Rushes from Carter Fell in thundering floods,
And sweeps away a hamlet in its course),
Their tramp was terrible, their weight o'erwhelming,
Their onslaught all resistless ; o'er the field
They swept, and squadron, company, brigade,
Horse, foot, in irrecoverable rout
Gave way before them.

But on Marston Moor,
When by strange error and fatuity,
Or in inevitable accident,
And chance of battle uncontrollable,
The day was lost, and the great Marquis fled ;—
True to their oath and cause, the patriots clung
Round their white banners, and disdained to flee.
Forsaken of their leader, from their friends
Cut off, and by the foe on every side
Hemmed in, and fiercely prest, they kept their ground
Unbroken in their solid ranks compact.
Now Cromwell, with his iron regiment, charged—
Now Fairfax, with his fiery horsemen, strove
To break th' impenetrable wall, and both

Recoiled in effort impotent, as waves
Dashed backwards from the rocks of Ferne.

But thinned

By charge on charge repeated, and down mown
By storms of merciless artillery,
Those gallant footmen fell, but yielded not ;
In the undaunted will to win or die,
They swerved not from their post to right or left
A single pace ; no foot was turned to flee,
No groan was uttered ; not a voice was heard
Crying for quarter ; but in calm despair
Of grim self-immolation, and despite
Of life from honour severed, on the shrine
Of stern, chivalric loyalty they laid
Their lives, a holocaust of love sublime ;
And not a man survived the sacrifice,
Or 'scaped to tell to weeping wives and maids,
Pining in fears, and long uncertainties,
Th' irreparable bereavement.

White their dress,
Their plumes, their banners, when the fight began—
But when the fight was over, all were red.

Lord Lanerick's Page.

"**H**OW fares thy lord?" the jailer said :
"Well!" quoth Lord Lanerick's page ;
"My lord at midnight left his bed,
Worn with thy cruel rage ;
And, mounted on thy steed, is fled
O'er yon fair pasturage."

The jailer scowled in keen annoy ;
"And thou didst aid his flight?"
"I filed the bar," he cried with joy ;
"I bound the ladder tight."
The jailer banned the faithful boy,
And bit his lips for spite.

He looked around—the empty bed,
The massive bar in two,
The rope of twisted linen, said
The page's word was true.
"Thy lord is fled—but, page, thy head
Thy busy hand shall rue."

Lord Lanerick, with the morning's wing,
Sped on till noon was high—
They dragged the page before the King,
And counselled he should die ;
“Sire,” said the jailer, “let him swing
From this same gallows nigh.”

Flushed dark and stern the monarch's brow—
“Base counsel, bloody, wild ;
Ye know not Charles's heart : enow—
Set free the noble child.”
With his own hands he loosed his bands,
And o'er him sadly smiled.

“Brave boy ! the King thus sets thee free ;
No tear thine eye shall dim ;
No hurt for thy fidelity
Shall touch thee, life or limb—
Go, bid thy lord be true to me,
As thou wert true to him.”

Desecration of Cathedrals.

HORD, see the sacrilege ! make bare Thine arm !
How canst Thou suffer this ? Through all
the land

The houses of Thy holiness, the shrines
Where Thou delight'st to dwell, are desecrate,
Defiled, despoiled ; the rude unhallowed foot
Tramples Thy courts : the daily sacrifice,
The service of continual prayer, is ceased,
Because Thy priests are scattered.

O my God,
What is Thy people's guilt, that thus Thy Church,
Thine own loved Son's loved bride, Thou hast forsaken ?
O Lord, behold the havoc ; hear their cries ;
Regard their rage against Thee !

Giant-like,
They fight with God Himself. Down go the screens,
And all the goodly woodwork carved with care,
And curious skill, as for th' Almighty's use.
Crosses and canopies of graven stone,

Sepulchral shrines, and images of saints,
Hacked, slashed and mangled, strew the groaning
ground

In heaps of ghastly ruin. All around
From choir, and transept, chapel, cloister, crypt,
Resounds the dismal crash, echoes the yell
Demoniac. E'en 'gainst the dead they roar,
The tombs are rifled, and the whitened bones
Of holy men and women, now with God,
Cast out and flouted. And Thine altar, Lord,
Whence Thou wert wont to feed our hungry souls
With the sweet viands of redeeming love,
Becomes a table for the drunkards' cups,
Is drenched with ale and sack, and o'er it rise
The stench and fumes of the vile Indian weed,
While oaths, and blasphemies, and jests obscene,
Loud-laughing mockery, and ribald songs,
Howl to the groined roof. The aisles are heaped
With leaves of service-books, and books of song,
With splintered rails, and stalls, and desks of prayer,
And brodered arras, soon to feed the flames
Within the very walls. From every window
Clatters the crashing glass in painted showers ;
Horses are stabled in the nave ; the font,
The laver of the Spirit's quickening grace,

Serves for their drinking-trough. Ah me ! the woe,
The shame, the foul contempt, the hideous wrong !
My bowels yearn for pain ; mine eye, O Lord,
Weeps tears of bitter anguish.

Now, behold,
Comes up the choir a sacrilegious crowd,
In mock procession, on the organ-pipes
Tooting and trumpeting, with hoods and copes,
And holy linen, and before the train
A lewd wretch in a surplice trailed in mire,
Chanting in impious scorn our Litany.

Anon he mounts the pulpit, makes a prayer
Long-drawn and loud, with sanctimonious groans,
Then raves : " O godly, vex the Midianites,
Down with the leprous priesthood ! hip and thigh,
Smite them, and spare not, blind and scandalous,
Unclean, malignant, vermin, dogs and drones,
Spawn of Beelzebub, and slime of hell !
Haste on the pious work ! accursed be he,
Who stays his hand, or lingers. Lo, around,
What be these images in glass and stone,
But vile and loathsome idols ? what this house,
So richly and so curiously adorned
By carnal arts of unconverted men,
But Dagon's temple, and a den of beasts

Abominable? what these services,
With all the trumpery of chant and song,
And organs bellowing like the Basan bulls,
But superstitions, rank, and damnable?"

How long, O Lord, how long?—it may not be—
Have mercy, Lord, have pity on Thine own!
Deliver from the furious spoiler's hand
The habitation of Thy holiness,
And spare Thine honour, spare Thy holy Name!

Gypsy, the King's Greyhound.

“ ARWICK, my Gypsy at the door is scratching—
Pray, let her in.

The faithful dog is weary of her watching ;
And late grown grey and thin,
Hath lost her old activity and gladness,
As if she saddened in her master's sadness.

“Warwick, I love my dogs—it is my weakness—
But they are true ;
And Gypsy's fond fidelity and meekness,
I freely own to you,
Have shamed my service to my heavenly Master,
And urged me on my path of duty faster.

“She never changed her love, or fawned, or flattered ;
In all my woes,
When friends proved false, or, vainly true, were scattered
Before my bitter foes,
Where'er I went, whatever sorrows tried me,
My faithful Gypsy ever was beside me.

“ Whether I walked in mine own ancient glory
 In Windsor's halls ;
Or led my guards to Naseby's combat gory ;
 Or watched on Oxford's walls ;
In all my perils, strange and sore, and dreary,
My Gypsy's foot and heart grew never weary.

“ In my deep straits there have been moments lonely,
 When I was reft
Of every earthly friend, and Gypsy only
 My one companion left ;
Her looks of sympathy and fond caresses—
It is my weakness—soothed my sore distresses.”

And when the King, in dread of murderous malice,
 From Hampton fled,
His servants at his chamber in the palace
 Knocked long and thought him dead,
And heard no sound but Gypsy's piteous whining,
For her lost master mournfully repining ;

Then burst the door, and found a paper, saying
 The King was fled,
And Gypsy left ; but of their pity praying
 The creature might be fed,

And since she was so fond, and true, and tender,
Out of their love to him, they would befriend her.

But what avails their care? So tender-hearted,
Ne'er left before,
Can Gypsy live, from her dear master parted?
She sought, long pining sore,
Of that loved voice, and face, and form, some token,
And finding none—lay down, and died, heartbroken.

The Discomfiture of Sir James Long, of
Draycot, Sheriff of Wilts., March 12, 1645.



HEN Will Waller reared his standard
'Gainst our King, the great, the good,
And the men of Wiltshire nobly
To their faith and honour stood ;
With the first the lord of Draycot
To the field his yeomen drew,—
Men of Langley, Sutton, Seagry,
Lusty troopers, bold, and true ;
Where the danger, toil or glory,
In the foray, or the fray,
Foremost rode the Draycot troopers,
Long of Draycot led the way ;
And the name of Long of Draycot,
In a thousand straits and fears,
Stirred the hearts, as with a trumpet,
Of the Wiltshire Cavaliers.

War is sin, and speechless sorrow,
Victory woe, and doubtful gain—
Tidings sore have come to Draycot,
Mournful rumours, tales of pain.
All the house is fear and trouble,
Every heart is faint and low—
In the Library the Lady
Paceth sadly to and fro.
But, as toward the Church she gazeth,
Sudden bursteth on her view
Will of Langley, riding madly
Up the echoing avenue.
Worn he seems with toil and battle,
Smeared with sweat, and mire and blood ;
And his stallion snorts and plunges,
Reeking in a foamy flood.

“Ah, my Lady!” cried the trooper,
“All is lost!—this Wednesday morn
Cromwell met us—broke us—crushed us
In dire rout and wreck forlorn.
Bleeding in the foeman’s fetters
Lies thy honoured lord and mine ;
And of our four hundred troopers
There escaped but twenty-nine.”

“Mercy, Jesu !” cried the Lady,
Yet she curbed th’ absorbing care :
“Go thou to thy meat and slumbers—
I to watching, tears, and prayer.”

In the Library at Draycot
Till the matin moon decayed,
Burnt a solitary taper
Where the Lady wept and prayed—
Wept in woe that God in anger
Low on earth their pride had laid—
Prayed in faith that God in mercy
Soon would bring them grace and aid ;
And beside her knelt her daughters,
Margaret, Jane, and Dorothy,
Pouring aye their *De Profundis*
And *Memento, Domine*.

With the morn she called the trooper—
“Will of Langley, speak, and say
How the fight was lost—who perished—
Who survived the deadly fray.”
Then he spake :—“Sir James had mustered
Round him all our Wiltshire pride ;
Eyre of Chalfield, Smith of Bedwyn,
Both the Seymours, Wyndham, Hyde,

Grove of Fern, Penruddocke, Ernley,
Goddard with the Swindon troop,
Hunt of Enford, Hall and Estcourt,
Talbot, Grandison, and Scrope.

“Tuesday eve we reached Devizes—
Lay all night on Roundway Down—
Yestermorn, in storm and darkness,
Waller burst into the town.

“‘Ride to westward,’ came our orders,
‘Hopeless strife and bloodshed spare’—
It were vain for our four hundred
Twice a thousand horse to dare.

“But retreat was rout disastrous—
Heaven poured down a drenching rain,
Vehement lightnings flashed incessant,
Blasts tempestuous scoured the plain.
Worn with former fight and foray,
We were weary, man and steed ;
Yet we rode, the foe behind us
Pressing close with eager speed.

Many a mile we galloped westward,
 Battling still with wind and storm,
When the Sheriff shouted wildly,
 ‘Foes before us!—halt and form!’

“Scarce he spoke, when down the highland,
 Where they lay in ambuscade,
Fresh with rest, and hot in vengeance,
 Thundered Cromwell’s fierce brigade.
Foes around, before, behind us—
 We to them, as one to ten ;
What avails a faint four hundred
 ‘Gainst four thousand fighting-men ?

“On they came—we met—they crushed us
 By their weight of men and mail ;
Down we went in wild confusion,
 Driven like leaves before a gale.
Steed and rider, fallen together,
 On the ground together lay ;
Trampled, mangled ’neath the horsehoofs,
 Choked with blood, and mire, and clay.
Earth and sky in mutual conflict
 Seemed commingled—lightnings flashed
Forked and livid ; gushing torrents
 Rushed from heaven, and thunders crashed.

“Splashing, plunging o’er the ploughlands,
Fighting still, as still they fled,
Every mile our troopers yielded,
Wearied, wounded sore, or dead.
Scrope, Penruddocke, Eyre were taken,
Talbot wounded, Wyndham slain—
I beside Sir James was riding,
When a trooper seized his rein ;
At a blow his wrist I severed ;
But the pause was fatal—round
Closed the foemen, and the Sheriff
Fell, unhorsed, upon the ground.

“Needs it not I tell thee, Lady,
How thy lord, in valorous might,
Rose, and cleared a path before him,
Till his hand no more could smite :
How we stood, and rallied round him,
Fiercely fought, and freely bled,
Till they bore him off triumphant,
And we turned again and fled.

“Pressing on, we knew not whither,
All was rout, and dire distress—

But the foemen's chace grew slacker,
As we grew in numbers less.
From the daybreak to the even,
We that race of death had run,
And a miserable remnant
Halted with the setting sun ^a.

"Faint with hunger, bruised and bleeding,
Fearing still to cross the foe,
Yet I rodé to tell thee, Lady,
All this tale of tears and woe.
And may God, the God of comfort,
Soothe thy sorrows, give thee peace,
Grant thee, Lady, grace to suffer,
Grant thy captive lord release.

"Now, I would no longer tarry ;
Lady, give me leave to go,—
Weary nature asks reposing,
Honour sternly answers, 'No!'

^a "Of four hundred horse," says Sir William Waller, in his letter to the Speaker, "there escaped not thirty ; three hundred soldiers were taken prisoners, with three hundred and forty horses, and a good store of arms ; and this in the worst of ways, and the basest weather that I ever saw."

Fare thee well ! To certain danger
I return, perchance to death ;
It may be—my life I render
Gladly to my latest breath ;
Freely of my warmest heart's-blood,
If the need be, I will drain
For my monarch and my master
Every drop in every vein."

Sir Gervase Scrope, Sheriff of Lincolnshire,
1642.

FROM his broad acres on the Lincoln wolds
He raised a troop of his own tenantry,
And though the weight of threescore years and ten
Had cramped his muscular force, the brave old man
Led them himself to Edgehill fight—and fell,
Bearing in head and body sixteen wounds.

It was a Sunday evening in October ;
The sky was cold and clear ; and with the night
Came up keen breezes from the north.

He lay
Stript bare, and bleeding ; and perchance his life
Had filtered through his gaping wounds ere morn,
But that a kindly frost, sent from the Lord,
Sealed up each wound, and stanchèd the flow of blood,
Turning the clots to ice.

At dead of night
He woke, as from the sleep of death, but stiff
And cold as marble, faint and sore athirst.
He looked to heaven and blessed his God. The moon

Shone brightly o'er the plain. On every side
He heard deep groans of men in agony,
And saw the darkened forms of miscreant wretches,
Plundering alike the living and the dead.

He lived indeed, yet icy, icy cold,
The very rime bright glistening on his limbs,
Till as his muscles thawed, he stretched his hand,
And felt a corpse beside him, stiff and stark.
By slow degrees he drew the body nigh,
And pressed it close, and hugged it lovingly,
As mother's hug their babes, and shuddered not ;
It was a shelter from the bitterness
Of the sharp midnight air. And as his strength
Availed, he dragged another corpse, and yet
Another, and crept under them, and caught
Warmth from the contact. 'Twas a strange repose ;
His bed the grassy field embrued with blood,
His coverlid the bodies of the slain.

Thus lay Sir Gervase all that Sunday night—
Thus lay till Tuesday even : how sustained
He only knows who kept him. Marvel not
No friend had earlier found him, for the slain
In that fierce fight were full five thousand men.
O'er all the field of blood, with weary foot
And aching eyes, and heavy heart, a son

Had sought a father ; from the heaps of slain,
He drew each corpse, and on each mangled face
Gazed eagerly. But night had passed to morn,
And morn to noon, and noon to night again,
Twice, ere his duteous love and piety
Found due reward.

Now o'er Sir Gervase stands
Adrian his son ; they lift him from the plain,
And bear him to a lodging tenderly,
And God is for the wounded man entreated,
And skilful fingers healing salves apply,
And Charles himself, in princely condescension,
Visits the sick, and soothes his suffering ;
Till the Lord raised him up, and many a year
He lived to tell the tale, and as of old
Went in and out with men, a monument
Of God's abounding love ; albeit in face
So pallid, and with cheeks so sunk and scarred,
And gait so broken, that he seemed to be
A preacher from the grave, to bid the living
Remember judgment, and prepare to die.

The Firing of Arwenack House,
August, 1646.

N earth and ocean, like a sable pall,
The early night came down, with denser gloom
And deeper stillness lowering, as the hour
Drew on to midnight. Not a moonbeam shone,
Nor e'en Orion, in meridian blaze,
Burst through th' impenetrable shroud. Afar
Glimmered upon the hills a trembling light
From farm or cottage, and along the shore
From fisher-boats returning late from sea,
And in the harbour from the ships of war,
And the huge Andrew, with the admiral,
Lying at anchorage with levelled guns,
And ready, at the first faint flush of morn,
To open on Pendennis.

These were days
Of tears, and dread, and dire calamity,
And sufferings keen, and bitter wounds, and death.
For God had broken all our strength, and made

Our hands as weak as water. To the grave
Before their day, in the mid hour of strength,
And youth, and beauty, ruthlessly cut down,
Had gone Trevanion, and sagacious Kendall,
And he, who fell in Lansdown's furious fight,
Great Grenville ; and Godolphin, lofty soul,
And gentle Slanning, and heroic Bassett,
And faithful Wrey, and peerless Arundel :
A monarch's tears, such as a Charles can weep ^a,
Fell o'er them in his princely gratitude,
And through all coming time, while time shall last,
Their names shall live renowned in tale and song ^b.

^a "On which Charles shed tears, the biggest drops that I ever saw fall from an eye."—*Warwick*.

^b As a special mark of his singular favour, and in sincere and lasting memorial of his royal thankfulness to the people of Cornwall for their unexampled efforts and sacrifices in defence of the rights of the Crown, Charles wrote the following letter, copies of which, painted on board, still remain in many of the Cornish churches :—

"C. R.

"TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE COUNTY OF CORNWALL.

"We are so highly sensible of the merit of Our County of Cornwall, of their zeal for the defence of Our Person and the just rights of Our Crown, (in a time when We could contribute so little to Our own defence, or to their assistance ; in a time when not only no reward appeared, but great and probable dangers were threatened to obedience and loyalty,) of their great and eminent courage and patience in their indefatigable prosecution of their great work, against so potent an enemy, backed with so strong, rich, and populous cities, and so plentifully furnished and supplied with men, arms, money, ammunition, and provision of all kinds ; and of the wonderful success with which it pleased Almighty God (though with the

They sleep in Christ—Amen! To us remained
 Battle, and bloodshed, and defeat, and flight,
 And Fairfax, as we fled, pressed fiercely on,
 Urging us westward, till our Cornish vales
 Gave us no refuge, and th' Atlantic surge
 But beat us backward on our enemies.
 And every fort had fallen, save Pendennis,
 Where, like a couchant lion, Arundel,
 John of Trevice, frosted with eighty winters,
 Watched on his rock, and kept the foe at bay.

Now Hopton struck his last, vain blow, and fled;
 And tidings came at eve to Killigrew,
 That in the noon the foe had stormed Penryn,
 And on the morrow, with o'ermastering power,
 Would march upon Arwenack.

loss of some eminent persons, who shall never be forgotten by Us) to reward their loyalty and patience by many strange victories over their and Our enemies, in despite of all human probability and all imaginable disadvantages; That as We cannot be forgetful of so great desert, so We cannot but desire to publish it to all the world, and to perpetuate to all time the memory of their merits, and of Our acceptance of the same; And to that end We do hereby render Our Royal thanks to that Our County, in the most public and lasting manner We can Devise, commanding copies thereof to be printed and published, and one of them to be read in every Church and Chapel therein, and to be kept for ever as a Record of the same; that as long as the history of these times, and this nation shall continue, the memory of how much that County hath merited from Us, and Our Crown, may be derived with it to posterity.

“Given at Our Camp at Sudely Castle, the 10th day of September,
 1643.”

Killigrew

Stood for a while in doubt :—" My house is strong,
My men are true ; 'tis in my heart to stand
And dare the desperate odds, and fight till death,
And fall on my own threshold : but the foe
Will seize this vantage post, and make it serve
To harass Arundel.—'Tis done."

He spake

As one would speak who made some stern resolve,
Bent on immediate action ; called his men,
And gave this sudden order :—

"Heap the hall
With straw and faggots ; gather whence ye may
From every chamber over all the house
Each article of goodly furniture,
Whate'er a few brief hours avail to bring,—
Chairs, couches, tables, caskets, cabinets,
Screens, lockers, cornices,—whate'er will burn ;
Break up the panelling and balustrades ;
Tear down the pictures from the gallery ;
Fetch from my Lady's room her harpsichords,
The children's cradles from the nursery ;
Rend all in thousand fragments, pitiless,
And pile them to the roof."

With heavy heart

The servants heard ; with laggard hand performed

The stern behest. The master, standing by,
Aided the work, and helped the havoc on,
And grimly smiled to see the ghastly wreck
Assume such huge proportions. By his side
The Lady stood unmoved, nor spake, nor wept ;
The pallid children clutched each parent's hand ;
While th' aged housekeeper, amazed, confounded,
Now shuddered, now protested, now implored,
And wrung her withered hands in fruitless woe.

Hour after hour the busy ruin raged,
Till all that lordly mansion's garniture,
So grand, so costly, old, and curious,
Accumulated through successive years
By generations of the Killigrews,
And gleaned with lavish toil in foreign travel,
From Ghent and Bruges, from Florence, Venice, Rome,
Sunk in one common chaos, till the men
Were weary with destroying, and the night
Had its mid limit reached.

Then Killigrew
Strode to the hearth, and snatched a blazing brand,
And thrust it 'neath the pile.

The pile adust,
Sentient of heat, flared wildly to the roof
In instantaneous clouds of smoke and fire.

He waited till the rafters caught the flame,
Then turned, and calmly said, "When Fairfax comes,
Such welcome gives Arwenack."

For a while

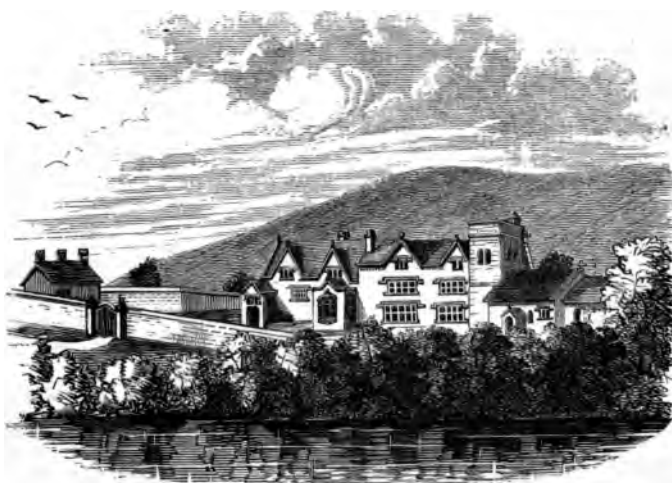
The mighty mischief smouldered, and the windows
Glared with a sickly flicker ; presently
With crash tremendous sunk the roof—to heaven
Uprose vast masses of deep-rolling smoke,
And Alps of crimson flame, that caught the breeze,
And with the roar as of a furnace rushed
From chamber on to chamber, feeding fast
Their fierce, consuming lust. The walls, red-hot,
Glowed horribly ; the vast quadrangle surged
A sea of liquid fire, eight acres wide.
But e'er the fell destroyer caught the tower,
Once more, for its last time, the turret-clock
Struck—struck the hour of twelve ; its solemn tones
Unchanged, unquickened.

Now o'er earth and sea

Was cast a ruddy flush, a lurid glare,
Ghastly and grand ; the towers of old Pendennis
Frowned grim and black upon their lonely height,
In outline clear and vast ; across the tide
Trefusis gleamed amidst its shadowy woods ;
The waves of Fal flashed red, as tinged with blood,

And, in the churchyard of St. Anthony,
Thou might'st have read the letters on the tombs.

Far out at sea, e'en in the Gascon gulf,
At dead of night, th' astonished mariner
Saw all the northern heavens ablaze with light,
As at full noon. The miner on Carnbrae,
Just issuing from the bowels of the rock,
Shrank back a moment, 'wilder'd ; and the foe
Through all his host stood suddenly to arms.



Old Draycot House, (see p. 88).

From a Sketch by John Aubrey, c. 1660.

